

*Mr George Br*

A N

O R A T I O N

D E L I V E R E D

A P R I L E I G H T H, 1776.



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AN  
O R A T I O N ;

DELIVERED AT THE *King's-Chapel* IN BOSTON,

*A P R I L* 8, 1776,

On the Re-Interment of the Remains of the late

MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND-MASTER

J O S E P H W A R R E N, Esquire ;

PRESIDENT of the late CONGRESS of this Colony,

A N D

MAJOR-GENERAL of the MASSACHUSETTS FORCES ;

Who was Slain in the Battle of *BUNKER's-HILL*,

*J U N E* 17, 1775.

BY P E R E Z M O R T O N, M. M.

B O S T O N :

PRINTED, AND TO BE SOLD BY J. GILL, IN QUEEN-STREET.

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*Boston, April 5, 1776.*

Brother, PEREZ MORTON,

S I R,

A M requested by the Brethren of the Grand Lodge, to beg the favor of you to pronounce an ORATION on Monday next, at the interment of our late Grand Master JOSEPH WARREN, Esq; which doubt not you will perform with credit to yourself and satisfaction to our audience.

I am, your affectionate brother,  
and humble servant,

JOSEPH WEBB, D. G. M.

To PEREZ MORTON, Esq; Watertown.

*Watertown, April 6, 1776.*

BROTHER MORTON presents his respects to Brother WEBB, and the other Officers of the Grand Lodge, and thanks them for the honor done in their requesting him to pronounce an ORATION on the re-interment of the late Grand Master; and gives for answer, that he will endeavor to prepare himself, and has no other apology to urge for any deficiencies, that may appear, than his want of abilities for so important an undertaking, and the shortness of time given him to prepare in.

PEREZ MORTON.

To the Right Worshipful JOSEPH WEBB, D. G. Master, BOSTON.

*City-Chamber, Boston, April 8, 1776.*

At a Meeting of the Grand Lodge, and a numerous body of Free and Accepted Masons, after the re-interment of our Most Worshipful Grand Master, JOSEPH WARREN, Esq; who was slain in the battle of Bunker's-Hill, June 17, 1775.

In the Chair, the Right Worshipful JOSEPH WEBB, D. G. M.

VOTED, That our Brothers Paul Revere, Edward Proctor, and Stephen Bruce, be a committee to wait on our brother Perez Morton, and present our most cordial thanks, for his ORATION delivered this afternoon, and request a copy thereof for the press.

Attest, WILLIAM HOSKINS, G. Secr'y.

BRETHREN,

FROM that duty, which I owe to the Lodge, I am constrained to comply with your request; and shall urge no other apology for the defects of the performance, than the very short time that was given me to prepare it in, added by most sincere wishes of having been better able to have done justice to the true character of the subject of it.

I am, with due respect,  
your most affectionate brother,  
PEREZ MORTON.





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ILLUSTRIOUS RELICKS!

**W**HAT Tidings from the Grave! Why hast thou left the peaceful Mansions of the Tomb, to visit again this troubled Earth! Art thou the welcome Messenger of Peace! Art thou risen again to exhibit thy glorious Wounds, and thro' them proclaim Salvation to thy Country! Or art thou come to demand that last Debt of Humanity, to which our Rank and Merit have so justly entitled you—but which has been so long ungenerously withheld! And art thou angry at the barbarous usage? Be appeased, sweet Ghost! For tho' thy Body is long laid undistinguished among the vulgar Dead, scarce privileged



leged with Earth enough to hide it from the Birds of Prey ; tho' not a kindred Tear was dropt, tho' not a friendly Sigh was uttered, o'er thy Grave ; and tho' the Execrations of an impious Foe, were all thy Funeral Knells ; yet matchless Patriot ! thy Memory has been embalmed in the Affections of thy grateful Countrymen ; who in their Breast have raised eternal Monuments to thy Bravery !

BUT let us leave the beloved Remains, and contemplate for a Moment, those Virtues of the Man, the Exercise of which have so deservedly endeared him to the honest among the Great, and the Good among the humble.

IN the *private* Walks of Life, he was a Pattern for Mankind.—The Tears of her, to whom the World's indebted for so much Virtue, are silent Heralds of his *filial Piety* : While his tender Offspring, in lisping out their Father's Care, proclaim his *parental Affection* : And an ADAMS can witness with how much Zeal he loved, where he had formed the sacred Connection of a *Friend* ;—their kindred Souls were so closely twined, that both felt one Joy, both one Affliction. In Conversation he had the happy Talent of addressing his Subject both to the Understanding and the Passions ; from the one he forced Conviction, from the other he stole Assent.

HE was blessed with a Complacency of Disposition, and Equanimity of Temper, which peculiarly endeared him to his Friends ;  
and



and which, added to the Deportment of the Gentleman, commanded Reverence and Esteem even from his Enemies.

SUCH was the tender Sensibility of his Soul, that he need but see Distress to feel it, and contribute to its Relief.—He was deaf to the Calls of Interest even in the Course of his Profession ; and wherever he beheld an indigent Object, which claimed his healing skill, he administered it, without even the Hope of any other Reward, than that which resulted from the Reflection of having so far promoted the Happiness of his Fellow Men.

IN the *social* Departments of Life, practising upon the Strength of that Doctrine, he used so earnestly to inculcate himself, that nothing so much conduced to enlighten Mankind, and advance the great End of Society at large, as the frequent Interchange of Sentiments, in friendly Meetings ; we find him constantly engaged in this eligible Labour ; but on none did he place so high a Value, as on that *most honorable* of all detached Societies, THE FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS : Into this Fraternity he was early initiated ; and after having given repeated Proofs of a rapid Proficiency in the Arts, and after evidencing by his Life, the Professions of his Lips—finally, as the Reward of his Merit, he was commissioned *the most worshipful* GRAND MASTER of all the ancient Masons, thro' *North-America*.—And you, Brethren, are living Testimonies, with how much Honor to himself, and Benefit to the Craft universal, he discharged the Duties of his elevated Trust ; with what sweetened Accents



Accents he courted your Attention, while with *Wisdom, Strength and Beauty*, he instructed his Lodges in the secret Arts of *Freemasonry*; what perfect Order and Decorum he preserved in the Government of them; and in all his Conduct, what a bright Example he set us, *to live within Compass, and act upon the Square.*

WITH what Pleasure did he silence the Wants of poor and penniless Brethren; yea the Necessitous every where, tho' ignorant of the Mysteries of the Craft, from his Benefactions, felt the happy Effects of that Institution which is founded on *Faith, Hope and Charity*. And the World may cease to wonder, that he so readily offered up his Life, on the Altar of his Country, when they are told, that the main Pillar of *Masonry*, is the LOVE OF MANKIND.

THE Fates, as tho' they would reveal, in the Person of our GRAND MASTER, those Mysteries, which have so long lain hid from the World, have suffered him, like the great Master-builder in the Temple of old, to fall by the Hands of Ruffians, and be again raised in Honor and Authority: We searched in the Field for the murdered Son of a Widow, and we found him, *by the Turf and the Twig*, buried on the Brow of a Hill, tho' not in a decent Grave.—And tho' we must again commit his Body to the Tomb, yet our Breasts shall be the Burying Spot of his *Masonic Virtues*, and there —

“ *An adamantine Monument we'll rear,*”

“ *With this Inscription,*” *Masonry* “ *lies here.*”—



IN *public* Life, the sole Object of his Ambition was, to acquire the Conscience of virtuous Enterprizes ; *Amor Patriæ* was the Spring of his Actions, and *Mens Conscia Recti* was his Guide.— And on this Security he was, on every Occasion, ready to sacrifice his Health, his Interest and his Ease, to the sacred Calls of his Country. When the Liberties of America were attacked, he appeared an early Champion in the Contest ; and tho' his Knowledge and Abilities would have insured Riches and Preferment (could he have stoop'd to Prostitution) yet he nobly withstood the fascinating Charm, tossed Fortune back her Plume, and persued the inflexible Purpose of his Soul, in guiltless Competence.

HE sought not the airy Honors of a Name, else, many of those Publications, which in the early Period of our Controversy served to open the Minds of the People, had not appeared anonymous. In every time of eminent Danger, his Fellow-Citizens flew to him for Advice ; like the Orator of Athens, he gave it, and dispell'd their Fears :—Twice did they call him to the Rostrum, to commemorate the Massacre of their Brethren ; and from that Instance, in persuasive Language he taught them, not only the dangerous Tendency, but the actual Mischief, of stationing a Military Force, in a free City, in a Time of Peace.—They learnt the profitable Lesson and pen'd it among their Grievances.

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BUT his Abilities were too great, his Deliberations too much wanted, to be confined to the Limits of a single City, and at a Time when our Liberties were most critically in Danger from the secret Machinations and open Assaults of our Enemies, this Town, to their lasting Honor, elected him to take a Part in the Councils of the State.—And with what Faithfulness he discharged the important Delegation, the Neglect of his private Concerns, and his unwearied Attendance on that Betrustment, will sufficiently testify : and the Records of that virtuous Assembly will remain the Testimonials of his Accomplishments as a Statesman, and his Integrity and Services as a Patriot, thro' all Posterity.

The Congress of our Colony could not observe so much Virtue and Greatness without honoring it with the highest Mark of their Favour ; and by the free Suffrages of that uncorrupted Body of Freemen, he was soon called to preside in the Senate.—Where by his daily Councils and Exertions, he was constantly promoting the great Cause of *General Liberty*.

BUT when he found the Tools of Oppression were obstinately bent on Violence ; when he found the Vengeance of the British Court must be glutted with Blood ; he determined, that what he could not effect by his Eloquence or his Pen, he would bring to Purpose by his Sword. And on the memorable 19th of April, he appeared in the Field, under the united Characters of the General, the Soldier and the Physician.—Here he was seen animating his Countrymen



Countrymen to Battle, and fighting by their Side, and there he was found administering healing Comforts to the wounded. And when he had repelled the unprovoked Assaults of the Enemy, and had driven them back into their Strong-holds, like the virtuous Chief of Rome, he returned to the Senate, and presided again at the Councils of the Fathers.

WHEN the vanquished Foe had rallied their disordered Army, and by the Acquisition of fresh Strength, again presumed to fight against Freeman ; our Patriot, ever anxious to be, where he could do the most good, again put off the Senator, and in Contempt of Danger flew to the Field of Battle, where, after a stern, and almost victorious Resistance, ah ! too soon for his Country ! he sealed his Principles with his Blood—— then——

*“ Freedom wept, that MERIT could not save,”*

*But WARREN'S Manes “ must enrich the Grave.”*

Enriched indeed ! And the Heights of *Charlestown* shall be more memorable for thy Fall, than the *Plains of Abraham* are for that of the Hero of *Britain*. For while *he* died contending for a single Country, *You* fell in the Cause of Virtue and Mankind.

THE Greatness of his Soul shone even in the Moment of Death for if Fame speaks true, in his last Agonies he met the Insults of his barbarous Foe, with his wonted Magnanimity, and with the true Spirit of a Soldier, frowned at their Impotence.



IN Fine, to compleat the great Character——like HARRINGTON he wrote, like CICERO he spoke, like HAMPDEN he lived, and like WOLFE he died.

AND can we, my Countrymen, with Indifference behold so much Worth and Valour laid prostrate by the Hand of *British Tyranny* ! And can we ever grasp that Hand in Affection again ? —Are we not yet convinced “ that he who hunts the Woods for prey, the naked and untutored Indian, is less a Savage than the *King of Britain* ” ! Have we not Proofs, wrote in Blood, that the corrupted Nation, from whence we sprang (tho’ there may be some traces of their ancient Virtue left) are stubbornly fixed on our destruction ! And shall we still court a *Dependance* on such a State ? Will we still contend for a Connection with those, who have forfeited not only every kindred Claim, but even their Title to Humanity ! Forbid it the Spirit of the brave MONTGOMERY ! Forbid it the Spirit of immortal WARREN ! Forbid it the Spirits of all our valiant Countrymen ! Who fought, bled and died for far different Purposes ; and who would have thought the Purchase *dear indeed* ! to have sold their Lives for the paltry Boon, of displacing one Set of Villains in Power, to make Way for another. No. They contend for the Establishment of Peace, Liberty and Safety to their Country, and we are unworthy to be called their Countrymen, if we stop at any Acquisition short of this.

Now



Now is the happy Season, to seize again those Rights, which as Men we are by Nature entitled to, and which by Contract we never have and never could have surrendered :—But which have been repeatedly and violently attacked by the *King, Lords and Commons of Britain*. Ought we not then to disclaim forever the forfeited Affinity ; and by a timely Amputation of that rotten Limb of the Empire, prevent the Mortification of the whole ? Ought we not to listen to the Voice of our slaughtered Brethren, who are now proclaiming aloud to their Country——

*Go tell the King, and tel' him from our Spirits,  
That you and Britons can be Friends no more ;  
Tell him to you all Tyrants are the same :  
Or if in Bonds, the never conquer'd Soul  
Can feel a Pang, more keen than Slavery's self,  
'Tis where the Chains that crush you into Dust,  
Are forg'd by Hands, from which you hop'd for Freedom.*

Yes, we ought and will—We will assert the Blood of our murdered Hero against thy hostile Oppressions, O shameless Britain ! and when “thy Cloud-cap'd Towers, thy gorgeous Palaces” shall by the Teeth of Pride and Folly be levell'd with the Dust—and when thy Glory shall have faded like the Western Sunbeam—the *Name and the Virtues of WARREN* shall remain immortal.

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